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"With Mammy Sal," he answered, straightening up, "me and some other fellows. Sometimes we beg, sometimes we take the barrels. We hope we get a haul if ain't no bad, but when we don't we ketel it. She's drunk to-night and drove us out."

She pushed the heavy hair back from his forehead. "Is Mammy Sal your mother?" she asked.

"No," he said, the boy, almost fiercely, and then added sullenly, "I ain't got none."

Slowly the gloved hand passed back and forth over the yellow hair. The lady's eyes were looking far away; the boy's face was like, so strangely like another face.

"Are you hungry?" she asked suddenly.

The wide-open gray eyes would have answered her without the quick sob and the low "Yes'm."

The carriage stopped, and the monument again accomplishing a descent, opened the door; and stood staring in

"I am not going in, John," said his mistress, "I don't know again." And she closed. "Smiling." "This little boy crept in out of the cold while the carriage was waiting. I am going to take him home. Drive back as quickly as possible."

As the bewildered coachman shut the door and turned to his perch the boy made a spring forward.

"Lemme out!" he cried. "I don't want to go home. Lemme out!"

"Not your home," said the lady gently—"my home, where you can get very warm, and have a good dinner and a good sleep, on a soft bed. Will you go with me?"

Tom drew a long slow breath but did not answer. It was too wonderful! He—one of Manny Sal's boys—to go to the lady's house where the children live whom he had seen go in that evening!

He looked up suddenly. "Were those children yours?" he asked. With sudden movement he drew him very close to her, and then answered softly:

"No, not mine. I had a little boy once, like you, and he died."

When the carriage stopped again Tom was fast asleep—so fast asleep that the still bewildered coachman carried him into the house and laid him on a bed without waking him. The next morning

ing, when the boys eyes opened, he
speak or move. By a sign of all, the
of the night before was standing b
the bed smiling at him, and, multi
back, he held out his arms to her.

I wish you could have seen him a little
later, when arrayed in jacket and trousers
that made him think with disdain of
certain articles of the same description
which he had but yesterday gazed at
with disgust. He might have been seated
at table by the sunny window taking
short, a very short, preliminary view
a gigantic breakfast still indignantly
sputtering to itself, a mountain of
smoking potatoes, an imposing array
of snowy rolls and golden butter, and
a pitcher of creamy milk. And I wish
you could have seen the same man
a little still later, for the table was about
all that was left.

That was the first time that I ever saw
Tom. Since then I have seen him very
often. And now I will tell you, only

an afraid you will hardly believe me about the last time, and that was a very long ago.

I was riding along one of the prettiest country roads you ever saw, and when I came to a certain gap, my horse, without waiting for a sign from me, turned off to the right, and I had to follow him. In a few minutes we were standing among the flowers. One was a handsome old lady with white hair, the other a young man. She was armed with an immense pair of shears, and he held in his hand his hat filled to the brim with flowers. Through the sunlight, creeping down through the trees, fell upon his close-cropped head and yellow beard. As I drew in a breath and sat watching them, it seemed to me like a fairy story. But wasn't that for the tall, handsome man looking down with such protecting tenderness upon the white-haired old lady? It was really Tom—poor, little, thin, comical, hungry Tom.

How a Needle Will Float.
(Young Scientist.)

We have all heard of the wonderful miracle by which the Prophet Elisha caused the iron head of an ox to float on the water of the river Jordan. As the floating of iron ships is connected with the floating of iron needles, it is not surprising that a family circle, gathered from heaven of old or having won it.

A tin or iron cup or basin will readily float, provided it displaces an amount of water greater than the weight of the metal in the vessel. And even a needle will float, made to float, if the needle is small enough. Take a fine needle, wipe it with an oily rag, but do not leave any visible trace of the oil on it, and then lay it gently on the surface of the water. It will float for a moment, and continue to float for some little time. The cause of this is the fact that a quantity of air adheres to the needle, preventing it from sinking. Moreover, as the cohesion between the particles of water is considerable, the water has no attraction for a perfectly dry piece of steel, the cohesion of the water being stronger than the attraction of the steel; and so the latter is supported.

In the same way, insects are enabled to walk upon the water. The hairs of the ends of their feet enclose an air-space, and the cohesion of the water, each foot is put down, it forms a cup-like depression in the water, and the insect is thus supported by the surface tension of the water.

Our youngsters, too, will have difficulty in making the iron vessel float. But once made of wood, it will

With Green Appl'd
A young lady has a Sunday school sister taught boys averaging seven and nine years. Recently requested each pupil to come on following Sunday with some promise of a "Love Letter" to be handed the women, and to turn over their terms bearing upon that topic—such as "Love your nearest neighbor," "Love your mother," etc. The teacher said to the boys when they came last, "Well, Robbie, what is your term?" "Hitting," he responded. "That's all right," they were told, "but comfort her with words for I am sure love."

It is a kind test of teachers to have a girl to find her brother's heart beats to her heart and not get just clean out of her system.